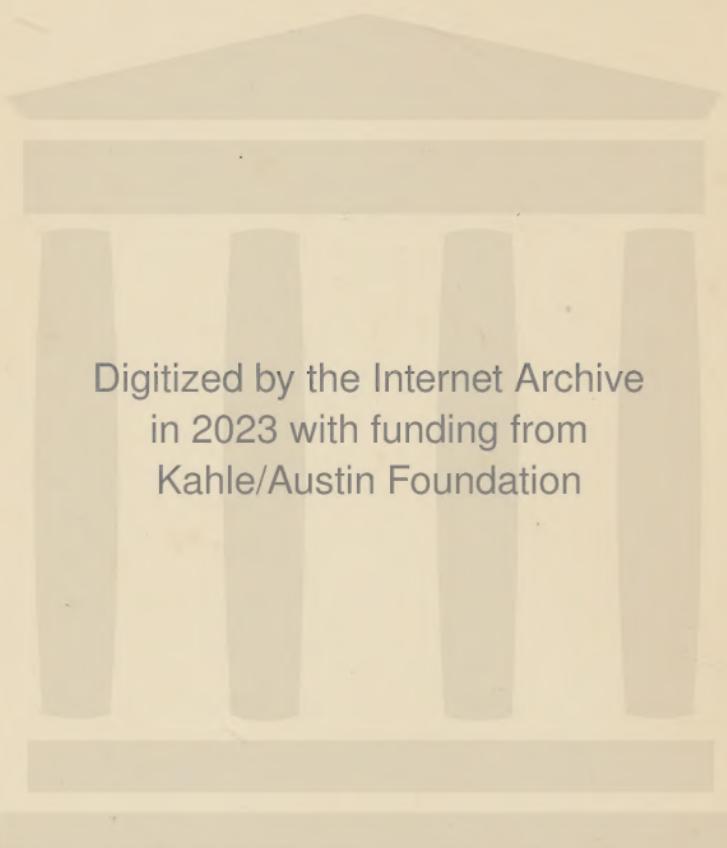
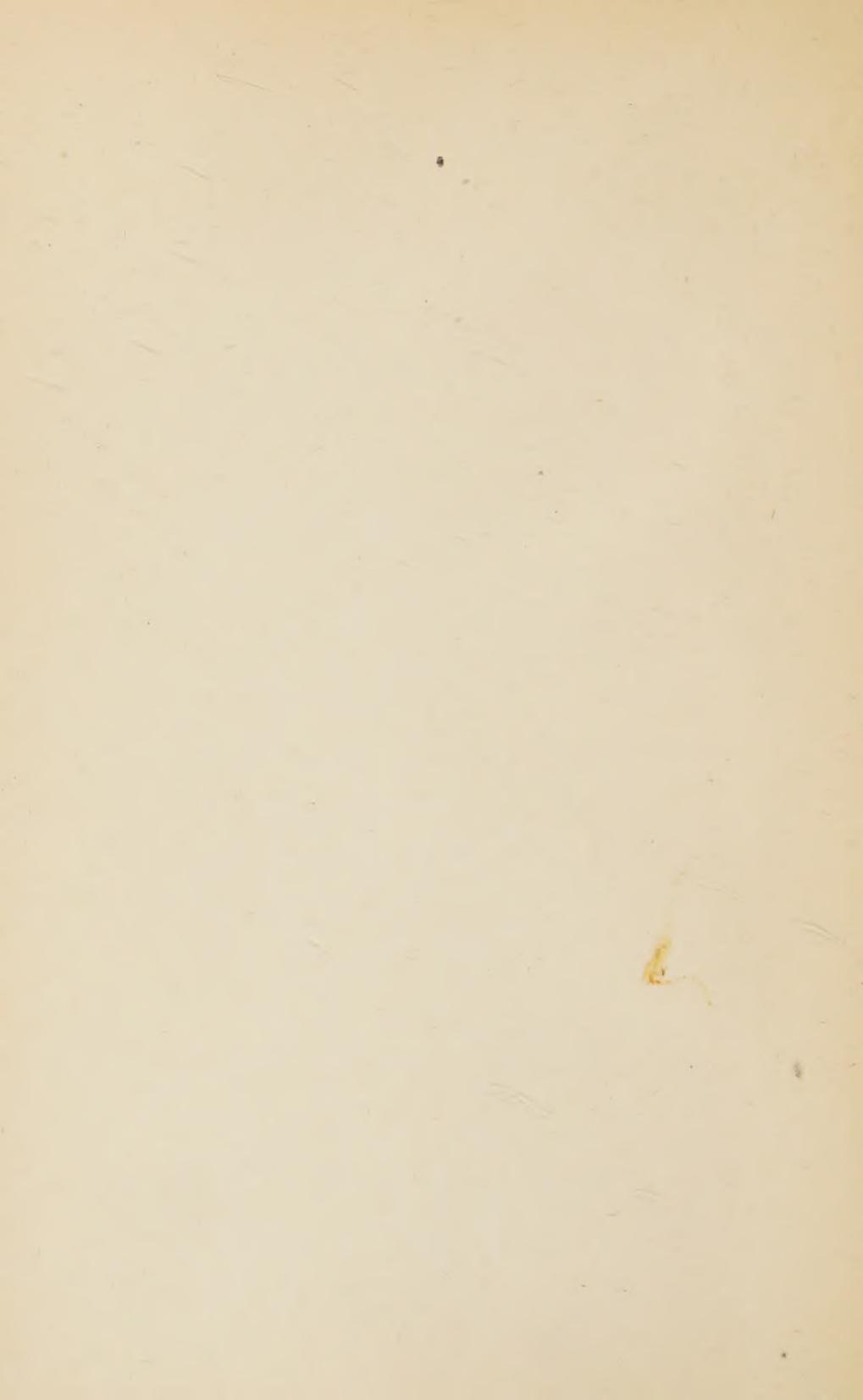


SONGS
OF THE
HENNEY TIMES



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Songs of the Times

by

William F. Henney



Cochrane Publishing Company
Tribune Building
New York
1910

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SONG FIRST

Songs of the Times

THE MILLIONAIRE

I.

Man of many millions, thou
With the prone and care-crowned brow,
Conjurer, with magic arts
Into dollars coining hearts,
Broken hearts, transmuted by
Thy consummate alchemy;
Ranger o'er the world's highways,
Undeterred by blame or praise,
Strong to hold, to smite, to bind,
Taking toll of humankind,
(Robin Hood, in Sherwood shade,
These compelling traits displayed).
Lo! thy servant, Fortune, brings
Wealth to thee and power of Kings.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

II.

At thy word, to favoring gale
Commerce sets the swelling sail,
Through the tempest smitten main
Ploughs the steam Leviathan.
At thy word what factories hum,
What industrial armies come
Swift to do thy bidding there,
Child and man and woman fair,
Toiling early, toiling late,
To increase thy vast estate.

III.

At thy bidding anvils ring,
From the forest cities spring,
Monster locomotives roar,
Flying fast from shore to shore.
Puffing east and puffing west,
North and South at thy behest.
These, and much beside are thine;
Treasures of the gloomy mine,
Golden ore and gems that glow
Hidden in the rocks below,
Delving hands for thee bring forth
From the disemboweled earth.

THE MILLIONAIRE

IV.

School and University
Own the reverence due to thee,
Of thy helpful friendship proud,
By thy gracious gifts endowed.
Stranger to all classic lore,
And to Learning's goodly store,
Yet thy ignorance shall be
Veiled and crowned by learned degree,
Chaplet, Scholar hands bestow,
Wreathing thy uncultured brow.

V.

Thou hast spoken; churches rise,
Graceful spires that pierce the skies,
Shrines and altars manifold
Which thy liberal hands uphold,
Chimes and choirs and piety
Pillared and sustained by thee.
Myriad lawyers at thy gate
On thy fitful pleasure wait,
Trained and skilled in picking flaws
In the text of righteous laws,
Burly, jovial or gaunt,
Each a venal sycophant.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Myriad doctors, too, attend
Where thy wayward footsteps wend,
Owning Physic's utmost skill
Vassal to thy haughty will,
Lest thou shouldst, too reckless grown,
Dash thy foot against a stone.
Prodigal of smells and pills,
Purges, bandages and—bills,
These, from every clime and land,
Come and go at thy command.

VI.

And the obsequious parson, too,
Sheds a halo round thy pew,
Tells of missionaries, hence
Sent afar at thy expense,
From their loathsome state to call
Idolater and cannibal,
At thy bidding going forth
To regenerate the earth.
Organ, font baptismal, shrine,
These are valued gifts of thine,
These, in years to come, shall be
Memorials of thy piety.

THE MILLIONAIRE

VII.

Potent in the halls of state
To direct and legislate,
Lobbyist and statesman bring
Humble tribute to their king,
Framing statute, vote and bill
To the dictates of thy will,
Casting down at thy decree
Right and blood-bought liberty,
Freedom's forms and phrases lent
To thy tyrannous intent,
Throttling, with unholy hand,
Righteous law and just demand,
Gyves and chains and fetters vast
Round the people's servants cast
By thine arts and quenchless rage
To despoil their heritage.

VIII.

Man of millions, great shall be
Thy responsibility,
When, as in the fateful past,
Wronged, the people rise at last,
Thrust thee, ruthless tyrant down,
Blast thy sceptre and thy crown,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

All thy power to ruin hurled
'Mid the curses of the world!
Wrath and License stalking by,
Want and wild-eyed anarchy,
Right and order, overthrown
By the wrongs that thou hast done,
These, in fierce repression, wait
Threatening thy royal state.
Be there need to build anew
Liberties thy arts o'erthrew,
Revolution, with rude hand,
Could alone restore the land,
Laboring give, from sea to sea,
Birth anew to liberty.
Whatso'er thou doest, pause
Ere thy touch corrupt our laws.

IX.

Would thy restive genius stood
Harnessed to the common good!
What delightful visions rise
Of thy tireless enterprise
Serving all, compelling Fate
To the glory of the state.
What immortal wreaths were thine,
What undying fame would shine

THE MILLIONAIRE

On thy path, in rectitude
Striving for a people's good!
Would such fruit thy toil might bear,
Solemn, sad-eyed millionaire.

X.

Master Mind, Colossal Force!
As the swollen water-course
Pours its wild, resistless tide
O'er the level countryside,
Swirling, ruthless, making spoil
Of the season's fruitful toil,
Tamed and bound by human skill
Laves the lea and turns the mill,
So thy talent, held in thrall
For the common good of all,
Grateful peoples would confess
Glorious to inspire and bless.

XI.

Turn thou, then, from selfish strife
To a nobler, larger life;
Let thy energy and will
Higher destinies fulfill,
Serve the State, maintain the laws,
Battle for the righteous cause.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Mindful of the woes that fell
On the outcast Ishmael,
Turn not hand and heart and mind
'Gainst the rest of humankind.
Service vast 'tis thine to give,
In that giving learn to live,
By thy nobler instincts led,
By unselfish motive swayed,
Man of many millions, thou
With the prone and care-crowned brow.

SONG SECOND

THE WASHERWOMAN .

I.

The Angel of the Lord, one day,
Wending o'er the earth his way,
Veiled and hid from mortal ken,
Viewed the strange abodes of men,
Saw the palaces of state,
Mansions of the rich and great,
Saw the mighty structures high
Reared by Trade to vex the sky,
Heard the clatter and the roar
Of the far resounding shore
Where the ships of Commerce rock,
Laden, by the crowded dock;
These he saw and much beside;
Saw the stately temple's pride
Lift the slender spire and fair
Grandly through the fretted air,
Incense saw, from censers swung,
Through the vast cathedral flung.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

II.

Not at these he paused, nor stayed
Where the busy shuttle played
In the factory's hum and din,
Paused not here, nor entered in;
But with silent steps and sure
Sought the dwellings of the poor,
Passed within the lowly door,
Never honored thus before,
Of an humble tenement,
Where a toiling woman bent
O'er a steaming tub whose fume
Filled the bare and squalid room.

III.

Round the door her children played.
One a dark eyed little maid,
Bare of foot and scant of dress
In her three years' loveliness;
One, a boy, whose sturdy arm
Shields his sister's steps from harm,
Safely guides her tottering feet
Through the dangers of the street.
Shares her joys and soothes her fears,
Wiping with his sleeve her tears—
Ah, the mother-love can trace
His dead father in his face.

THE WASHERWOMAN

IV.

At the tub the mother stood
Toiling for her children's food;
All unseen, the angel fair
Shed a glory round her there.
Form, the washtub bending o'er,
Children, playing at the door,
Swollen hands and weary feet
Winning bread the children eat,
In that light ineffable
Ye are wondrous beautiful.

V.

"Not like me," the woman said,
"Shall my children drudge for bread.
From these steaming suds shall rise
Fairer opportunities,
Brighter life and happier lot
From this lowly washtub wrought,
Than their toil worn mother knew.
May her willing hands and true,
Scrubbing early, scrubbing late,
Win for them a better fate."

VI.

Then the angel of the Lord,
Smiling, heard the murmured word.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Rose and went his shining way,
Passed the children at their play,
With him bore the mother's prayer,
Went, but left his blessing there—
Blessing on the aching head
And the hands that toil for bread,
Swollen hands, so scarred and torn,
Stooping form, so bent and worn,
On that dwelling of the poor,
On the children at the door.

VII.

Days and nights and months and years,
Mingling gifts of smiles and tears,
Swiftly came and swifter sped,
Weaving many a fateful thread,
Feeding Time's devouring loom
With their strands of light or gloom,
Ere the Angel came again
Unto the abodes of men.
Now he stays not at the door
Of the lowly and the poor;
On another errand come,
Hastens to a mournful home,
Where funeral flower and wreath
Sweet, sad tribute pay to Death.

THE WASHERWOMAN

VIII.

Sorrowing hearts were gathered here
Round the flower laden bier;
One, in manhood's strength and pride,
Stood the solemn pall beside;
Sadly by, another stood
In the prime of womanhood.
These the children at the door
When the angel came before,
Lifted from their low estate
To a fairer, brighter fate,
By that mother's toil and care
Who now lies prone and silent there.

IX.

Ah! becoming well the tear
Falling on that patient bier!
Death hath swept each latest trace
Of sorrow from the upturned face,
Leaving only sweet appeal
To the hearts that loved it well,
Blending all things fair and good
In one grace of motherhood.
Silent there the children stand
Clasping each the other's hand,
While that tender face and true
Says: "I gave my life for you."

SONGS OF THE TIMES

X.

Toil-worn still, the scarred hands rest
Folded on the pulseless breast,
Where Love's last, fond seal is set
In the clustered violet.
Gone the years in toiling spent,
Later years of sweet content
Came in blessing, years of ease
Crowned with plenty and with peace,
While in strength to help and bless
And in larger usefulness,
Day by day, her children grew;
Day by day she heard anew
Of some public service done
By the washerwoman's son.
Here, their painful toiling past,
Weary hands may rest at last.

XI.

And the angel standing by.
All unseen to mortal eye,
Whispers in that raptured ear
Words that she alone may hear:
"Woman, thou hast nobly wrought,
Well deserved the blessing bought

THE WASHERWOMAN

By thy toil and fealty,
Rise thou up and come with me.
Sweeter weleome waiteth us
Than rewarded Lazarus.
Palms of victory thou shalt bear,
Shining raiment thou shalt wear,
Faithful mother, thou shalt be
Crowned to all eternity."

SONG THIRD

THE PARSON

I.

Crash of organ, wail of prayer,
Classic anthem grandly swelling
O'er the patient congregation,
Hymning Piety's oblation
To the Highest ever dwelling
In the heavens, himself revealing
To his children everywhere;
Sermon practical, didactic.
Urging measures prophylactic
'Gainst the civic ills prevailing,
'Gainst the vices, never failing
To assert their power malignant;
These with mien and voice indignant
Doth the dominie deplore;
Then the deacons take collection,
Sings the chair one more "selection,"
Now the gracious benediction,
And "worshipping" is o'er.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

II.

In the pulpit high,
Cynosure of every eye,
Stands the parson every Sabbath day.
Though clad in sombre black,
Yet somewhat doth he lack
In skill to blaze from earth to heaven the way.
Pilot, who wouldst guide
O'er the swelling tide
Voyagers on Life's bewildering sea,
Through the fog-bank drear
Can thy vision clear
Mark the harbor buoys more sure than we?
Through the starless dark
Cans't thou guide our bark
Till we catch the glimmering lights ashore,
Till, our dangers past,
We may rest at last
Safe at home, to rove the seas no more?

III.

What would we not give
Could thy skill achieve
This surpassing service in our need;
All our bearings lost,

THE PARSON

Heart-sick, tempest-tossed,
Through the storm-wrack and the gloom we
speed.
Somewhere on the strand
Of the far off land,
Wait the dear ones we have loved and lost;
Say, Pilot, cans't thou guide,
Through night and storm and tide,
To where the hemelights gleam along that
blissful coast?
Hast ever to that shore
The voyage made before,
And marked the headland and the light-
house and the bay?
Ah! this we fain would know
Before with thee we go,
And through the night and tempest sail
away.

IV.

Home-sick, like us, thou art,
Thy compass and thy chart
The same as ours, thy sails and spars the
same;
How shall we follow thee

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Across an unknown sea,
Who knowest not the land we seek nor that
 from whence we came?
Hast thou a keener eye
Thy claims to justify
Of Pilot, Leader, Admiral and Guide?
Oft have we seen thy sail
Rent by the conquering gale,
Thee and thy vessel frail tossed on the tide.
Like us, afar from home,
A wanderer thou dost roam,
Thy reckonings lost and all around thee dark.
And wouldest thou have us now
Follow thy aimless prow,
Our loves, our hopes, our all with thee embark?

V.

Idle for thee to preach,
Idle to toil and teach,
Idlest of all thy strivings to inspire
The doubting heart with faith
Prevailing over death,
Unless thy mortal lips be touched with heavenly
 fire.
Not on some time-worn creed
But on the newer need

THE PARSON

Of changing manners, larger lives and laws,
By newer views of truth,
Strong in unfading youth,
Shall the ever-living church maintain her
 holy cause.

From height to height we climb
The mountain range of Time,
And find the horizon broadening on our
 view;
New reaches of delight
Burst on our raptured sight,
Diviner aspects of the good and true.

VI.

O holy Truth, thy beacon ever
Through storm and shadow glimmers far,
And struggling towards thy light forever
The instincts of our being are.

Thy path is rugged, who will dare it,
Thy heights are giddy, who shall climb?
Thy treasures rich, ah! who shall share it
Among the struggling sons of Time?

Thy way is long and dark the story.
Of martyred lives its winding tells,
Between us and thy summit's glory
What midnight darkness deeply dwells!

SONGS OF THE TIMES

What errors of the past enchain us,
What inborn prejudices cling,
What inbred falsehoods still detain us
When Thought would spread her ample wing.
What blinding fogs of doctrine shroud us
Where'er our groping feet have trod.
What theologic systems cloud us
And hide away the face of God.
O Bearer of Man's burden, thou
Whose face is heaven, if heaven be sweet,
Thou, with the torn and thorn-crowned brow
And pierced hands and feet!
Again, as in that darkened hour—
The midnight of the ages—come
In plentitude of love and power,
O light, dispel our gloom!

VII.

Ah! can the cross's awful story,
The guilt, the grace, the shame, the glory,
The temple's sundered veil, the day
That, shuddering, hid in night away,
The thorn-crowned Sufferer, lifted high,
On sacrificial Calvary,
The eye that pitied in her pain
The widow at the gate of Nain,

THE PARSON

The love that gave not only her
But all the world a comforter,
The tender voice that healed again
The broken heart of Magdalen,
The risen Lord, of life the giver,
Who blesses, loves and lives forever,
Can these need oratoric art
To sway the mind, or touch the heart,
Can tongue professional express
The beauty of their holiness ?
Nay, for these themes the heart must be
Inspired to holy ecstasy,
Endowed with gifts divine, and tried
By fire, and purged and purified,
Wreathed with that Pentecostal flame
That on the rapt disciples came,
And glowing with supreme desire
To speak with tongue and lips of fire.

VIII.

Few the disciples, few
The ministers the blessed Master called
A lost world to renew;
Not throned in lofty state,
Nor in Cathedrals great,
But in a world-wide fellowship were they
installed.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Now, thousands in His name,
For worldly pelf and fame,
With school-taught eloquence his gospels
 preach.

Vain organ prelude, vain
The anthem's answering strain,
And vain the stilted sermon to uplift and
 teach.

Not dogma and not art,
But the inspired heart
A hungry world is yearning for to-day;
An humble heart that shares
All human ills and cares.
And with the gospel's balm soothes guilt
 and grief away.

IX.

Q Parson, never mix
Pulpit and polities,
Nor exercise thine office chasing harlots
 from the town,
Though this should bring thee fame,
And glorify thy name.
And decorate thy brow with the reformer's crown.

THE PARSON

Till He shall come again
Full many a Magdalen
Shall point the accusing finger at her kin;
Treat thou the foul disease
Whose symptoms such as these
Tell of the canker knawing deep within.
And in thy pulpit hold thy hand, beware
Lest in reforming mood
Cæsar's things and things of God
Thou minglest: Knowest thou what fruit
such seed may bear?
Cæsar's things let Cæsar tend;
Grace be thine and joy to spend
All thy strength and zeal the wounded soul
to heal.
Cæsar rules the state:
Thy dominion great
Lies in the heart and deals with motives
there;
Rouse thou the conscience, try
The heart till hand and eye
Redeemed, reformed, in deeds make answer
to thy prayer.

X.

One, of old, on Horeb stood
Till the still, small voice of God

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Spake the word and fired his eye
With prophetic ecstasy.
Parson, from the world apart,
Listen thou with all thy heart
Till that voice thy word reveal,
Till His touch thy lips unseal.
Many the name of Preacher bear,
Few there be that minister,
Bringing hope to them that stray
Lost in Life's bewildering way.
Soul physician, thou who art
Skilled to treat the sin-sick heart,
Minister to them that be
Much in need of ministry.
May the Spirit thee inspire,
Touch thy lips with sacred fire,
Ever from thine altars rise
Incense of self-sacrifice.
Lacking these, what need to search
Why men do not go to church?

SONG FOURTH

THE MOTORMAN

I.

“Clang, Cling Clang, Cling Clang,”
Thus the trolley signal rang
Through the busy street,
Warning hurrying feet.
Automobile, serious horse
And carriage in their devious course,
Bicycle and laden dray,
To clear the way
For the common people’s car,
Shuttling near and rolling far
On the people’s errands bent,
To the people’s service lent.

II.

One
On the platform stands alone,
Powers of lightning in his grip,
Hands that never fail nor slip

SONGS OF THE TIMES

From the levers, holding there
Subject to his will the car:
Faithful hands and eyes that gaze
Straight ahead through busy ways,
Striving ever safe to win
Through the City's press and din,
Brave, collected, quick and strong
Guiding through the hurrying throng
Precious freight of life and limb;
Great the trust reposed in him,
Wayfarer and Passenger
Debtors to his skill and care.

III.

What of him, this common friend,
When his years of toiling end?
Marked for swift dismissal by
His trembling hand and dimming eye,
This the guerdon, this the price
Of unmeasured sacrifice,
This the recompense, at last,
For the years in service passed,
Thrown aside as worthless, hurled
To the scrap-heap of the world.

THE MOTORMAN

IV.

What a world of contrasts, ours!
Here the incense breathing flowers,
There the venom'd plant whose breath
Fills the air around with death;
Here the crystal brook is sped
Gushing from the fountain head,
There the angry torrent roars
In its desolating course,
Leaps its bounds and spreads amain
Over fields of ripening grain,
Ruthless in its foaming wrath,
Fell destruction in its path;
Here the plumaged warblers sing
Welcome to returning spring,
Bird and brook and flower and tree
Voicing nature's rhapsody;
There the wild blast tosses high
The naked branch against the sky,
Fierce the icy tempests blow
Piling high the drifted snow;
Here the yellow sunbeams chase
The shadow round the dial's face,
There the moon flings far and free
Her shining pathway on the sea,
And the star-beam, cold and bright
Shimmers down the azure night.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

V.

Greater contrasts far than these
In the birds, the brooks, the trees,
Winter's snow and summer's bloom
Sunbeam's glory, midnight's gloom,
Shall the eye observant ken
In the seething hearts of men,
Love and hate and fierce desire,
Cold despair and passion's fire;
Here, the virtues fair abide
Nurtured at the fireside,
Lo! in shining troops they come,
Gladdening the hearth and home:
There the vices rule the hour,
Greed of gain and lust of power,
Anger rushing to fulfill
Dictates of the selfish will,
Vengeance burning to requite,
Fierce to seize and swift to smite,
Grasping avarice, strong to hold
Lands and treasures manifold,
Such a weird world round thee scan,
Philosophic motorman.

VI.

Stranger things than these behold
In the magic power of gold.

THE MOTORMAN

See the ruffian lifted high,
While to laud and magnify
Suppliant crowds his steps attend,
Potentates before him bend,
Grasping in his greedy hands
Fruit of toil from many lands,
Serving none beyond himself
In his mania for pelf.
See, again, in lowly lot,
By the eager world forgot,
Him who gives in humble place
Priceless service to his race.
From thy toil what blessings flow;
Commerce thrives and cities grow,
Store and factory and mart,
Skilfull trade and useful art,
Flourish where thy swift car speeds,
Serving ever newer needs,
These their tale of progress tell
In the clangor of thy bell.

VII.

Sound the signal, speed the car,
Shuttling near or rolling far,
Linking city, field and wood
In one grateful servitude

SONGS OF THE TIMES

To expanding human need;
Mart of trade and flowery mead,
Crowded square and level green,
Park and Lake and Sylvan Scene,
Grouped together by the tie
Of the trolley flashing by,
Serving, for the common good,
All the prosperous neighborhood.

VIII.

In this weird world's vast design,
Motorman, a part is thine,
Humble though it seem to thee
In that world's immensity.
Purposeful the golden ray
Ushers in the new-born day,
Purposeful the star-beams bright
Fling their radiance through the night.
Through the boundless deeps of space,
Star and sun their orbits trace,
Moonbeams glisten, rain-drops fall
By a law that guides them all.
Time and season, shine and shower
Bud and blossom, snow and flower,
Vale and mountain, lakes and leas,
Tides and torrents, brooks and seas,

THE MOTORMAN

And the star whose vesper ray
Flashes through the fading Day,
Brightening in the deepening shade,
These, and such as these were made
To suggest the depth and height
Of a purpose infinite.
Through the world that purpose runs,
Quenching planets, kindling suns,
Shaping flower and tree and star
And the hand that guides the car.

IX.

Study well the system vast
Nature has around thee cast,
How the things of time and space
Work in their allotted place,
All harmonious to fulfill
Dictates of a sovereign will,
Each on special mission sent,
Each in special service spent,
In that system this the test:
Greatest, that which serveth best.
Motorman, despise thou not,
Though it lowly be, thy lot;
When the angel shall compete
Earth's prodigious balance sheet,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

And the inventory be
Taken for eternity,
Many a king with glittering crown,
Many a knight of fair renown,
Blazoned name and lineage old,
When the final tale is told
May, perchance, thy service see
Ranked above his pedigree.

X.

What suggestive echoes swell
From the clanging of thy bell!
'Mid the city's busy street,
Eager throngs and hurrying feet,
Ranging field and wood and glade
In the sunshine or the shade,
By the farm, the shop, the mill,
In the dell or on the hill,
Where the forge and furnace burn,
And the lapsing waters turn
Many a wheel of industry,
Where the clattering shuttles fly
In the noisy factory,
Wheresoe'er in anxious strife
Mortals play the game of life,
There, in faithful service, are
Motorman and trolley car.

THE MOTORMAN

XI.

Servant thou of high degree;
Though thy meed a pittance be,
Industry and progress bless
Thy career of usefulness,
Reaping benefits that sprang
From the insistent trolley's clang.
Knights are dubbed and kings are crowned,
Titles of imposing sound
Gild the churl and mask the fool
In this world's weird carnival.
Knighthood leal and true is thine.
Though no glittering orders shine
On thy shabby coat of blue
Heart and hand and eye are true.
Service is the true knight's test,
Greatest he that serveth best;
Toil-worn hands are nobler far
Than the ribbon and the star,
In His sight whose wisdom still
Moulds creation to his will,
Marks, in hidden places dim,
Faithful service wrought for Him.

XII.

Blessings on the trolley car,
Shuttling near or rolling far,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Bringing, at our will and mood,
Society or solitude,
Clanging now through crowds that wait
Pent within the city's gate,
Now, through field and wood it glides,
Ranging quiet countrysides.
Luxuries and comforts few
The resourceful fathers knew ;
Prodigal abundance pours
Blessings at their children's doors ;
Of them all we least could spare
Motorman and trolley car.

SONG FIFTH

THE EDITOR

I.

All the news that's fit to print
Given for a paltry cent—
And the news that isn't fit
Much too often goes with it—
All the news, what visions rise
Of a boundless enterprise,
Gathering from the world around
Wheresoever man is found
Tales of love and loss and strife,
Graphic photographs of life.
What amazing talents meet
In the well conducted sheet:
Learning, philosophic lore,
Wit and humor, bubbling o'er,
State-craft, song, theology,
Diplomatic policy,
Ethics, business, science, laws,
Condemnation or applause
For the deed, the word, the pen,
Art or artifice of men,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

These, and many things beside,
In thy musty sanctum hide,
Biding till the spirit stir,
All accomplished editor.

II.

To another world below
This exalted scene we go,
Where the rabid vices meet
In the ill-begotten sheet!
Where the failure and the fraud,
Eager, ravenous, stalk abroad,
By the wage of scandal fed,
By detraction earning bread;
Lo! in shabby troops they come,
Gray-haired lecher, beardless bum,
Refuse of Newspaperdom;
God-forsaken outcasts, these,
Life's unsavory dregs and lees.
While in solemn state apart,
Skilled in literary art,
Able, conscienceless and vile,
Swift to slander and defile
Honored name and honest fame
With the venom of his blame,
Sits the chiefest outcast, high
In his editorial sty.

THE EDITOR

Prostituted genius his,
Glorying in filth and lies,
Trailing white names in the dust,
Traitor to a sacred trust.

III.

'Mid the potentates and powers
Of this anxious world of ours,
Never king in glory crowned,
Never warrior renowned,
Orator, whose winged word
All a people's conscience stirred,
Statesman, sent his land to bless
Strong in lofty purposes,
Gifted bard whose patriot tongue
Freedom's song of glory sung
Never one of these, nor all
In the court, the camp, the hall,
Knew the opportunity
Time and fortune bring to thee,
Grateful blessings to confer,
Conscientious Editor.

IV.

Who, in influence, would dare
With thy pen his deeds compare,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Who of all could e'er combine
Such an audience as thine?
On the street
Newsboys vend the welcome sheet;
To the home,
Day by day, its pages come;
To the office, store and mill,
Almshouse, state-house, hospital,
To the crowded railway car,
To the weary traveler,
To the tramp,
To the soldier in the camp,
To the officers of state,
To the merchant, small or great,
To the transient crowds that dwell
In the many roomed hotel,
Everywhere it tells the news
Gleaned for everybody's use
From the wide-world, near and far,
From Africa and Zanzibar,
From the islands of the seas,
Australia and the Hebrides,
From India and the dreamy East,
From Europe and the strident West.
From the Northland's fields of ice,
From the Southland's balm and spice.

THE EDITOR

How the monster presses whirl,
How the paper rolls unfurl,
To record and chronicle,
All the swift dispatches tell,
Stamping on the faithful page
Pictures of a wondrous age.

V.

What suggestions pregnant start
From thy gallery of art!
How romantic fancies flow
From thy daily picture-show!
Here, the mug
Of some noted criminal,
There the smug
Countenance of banker fat,
General, Admiral, Diplomat,
Politician, Statesman wise
Limned before our wondering eyes,
These, from day to day, we meet
In thy variegated sheet,
Holding there high carnival.
Many a rotund visage, too,
Shows what medicine can do
To obliterate disease—
Miracles of physic, these.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Pictures of the recent dead,
Pictures of the baby fed
On some patent nectar, bride
Ranged the smiling groom beside,
Graphic pictures, deftly made
Of the funeral or parade,
Ceremony, festival,
Wedding, launching, lynching, all
Gathered in many a motley group
By thy weird Kaleidoscope.

VI.

Editor, consider well
Ere the doubtful tale you tell;
Deeper far than you may think
Stains the smudge of printer's ink.
Spoken word, like breath, is spent,
Printed word is eloquent
Wheresoever runs thy page
Through a boundless clientage.
Though thy journalistic glory
Prompts to print the startling story,
Though abundant "copy" be
For thee a prime necessity,
Let thy zeal importunate

THE EDITOR

On thy sense of justice wait.
Calumny is cruel, prone
Falls the name it breathes upon,
Blighted with that breath of hell,
The printed page its oracle,
Scattering broadcast far and nigh
The fertile seed of obloquy.

VII.

What contrasted motives mix
In the whirl of politics;
Here pure zeal to serve the State
Animates the candidate,
There the fawning humbug spends
All his strength for selfish ends,
Seeking power, and place and pelf
For the glory of himself.
Here the patriot serves and toils,
There, the seeker after spoils
Lays his pipe and spreads his net
Fees and sinecures to get.
Editor, whate'er betide
True to thy high trust abide.
Let no demagogue or fake
From thy columns comfort take;

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Let no party need or stress
Tempt thee to unfaithfulness.
Not on Party's shifting sands
Pillared the Republic stands,
But on the People's sovereign will,
The official's faith, the patriot's zeal,
Based and buttressed like the rock
To withstand the tempest shock.

VIII.

Men, not principles, decay,
Systems serve and pass away,
Through all changing times and laws
Still appeals the righteous cause.
Justice is a holy name,
Changeless, ever more the same,
Whose high-souled apostle must
Above all else himself be just.
Shall the humbug and the sham
Lofty principles proclaim?
Shall we deem for office fit
Simply him who longs for it,
Who by trick and low device,
Plan and plot and artifice,
Mocks the sober people's rule,

THE EDITOR

Cheats and binds the common fool?
True to principle, thy pen . . .
Yet may draw the line at men,
Smashing the unworthy slate
For the welfare of the State.
Let the first condition be
Of thy party fealty,
Fitness in the men who claim
Office in the party's name.

IX.

Prophet and Apostle, thou,
King, though crownless be thy brow,
Husbandman, whose hand hath hurled
Seed through all the fallow world.
Preacher of a gospel bold
Uttering precepts manifold,
May thy pen forever be
Servant to humanity.
Prophet! many a time and oft,
Though thy word was jeered and scoffed,
Did thy faithful pen foretell
Shames and scandals foul that dwell
In a bought electorate
And a venal boss-ruled State.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Apostle! bravely thou hast sought
To undo the evil wrought
By the Citizen's neglect,
By venality unchecked,
Frauds and thefts and trades and steals,
Bribery and swaps and deals,
By thy faithful pen laid bare,
Seething in corruption there.
King! in all the realms of men
Never sceptre like thy pen,
Never word from monarch's throne
Potency like thine has known:
Framing laws and moulding states
Smashing policies and slates,
Guiding parties, leading thought,
Crowning high achievement wrought
With the glory of thy praise,
Ever through the nights and days
Striving to attain and hold
Common blessings manifold,
For the people's common good,
In thy time and neighborhood:
Crownless though thy kingdom be
It excels in majesty.

X.

From thy watch-tower, lifted high,
Conning over earth and sky,

THE EDITOR

Signal thou to us below
While yet afar the tempests blow,
Lest unwarmed, the cloud burst fling
Far and wide our harvesting,
And the boisterous whirlwind's play
Sweep our garnered sheaves away.
Through the night
May thy wisdom read aright
What the signs and portents are
Flashed across from star to star.

XI.

Focused in thy watchful eye
Seas and shores and landscapes lie,
Stretching shadowy and dim
To the far horizon's rim.
Myriad shapes and spectres pass
The perspective of thy glass.
Youth and age and want and wealth,
Decrepitude, Disease and Health,
Joy and Grief and Crimes and Shames,
Pigmies swathed in pompous names,
Kings to coronation led,
Murderers to the scaffold sped,
Soldier, statesman, jovial horde
Gathered at the banquet board,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Parsons, lawyers, doctors, rakes,
Cranks, philosophers and fakes,
Halt and blind, and foul and clean,
Sage and fool—an endless train,
Hurrying pass in swift review
Before thy busy camera, few
Remain for long, across the day
From dark to dark they flit away.

XII.

Liberty thy grateful aid
Shall own, and Justice undismayed
Her shining balance true shall hold
Beyond the touch of power or gold,
If, for the right, to dare and do
Thy conscience and thy pen are true.
Of old the orator renowned,
And poet-teacher, laurel crowned,
In common service toiled and wrought,
Uplifting men and moulding thought.
Discarded in our later day,
By new conditions thrust away,
Their service in our larger age
Hath fallen to thy teeming page,
Whose far flung voice, through good and ill,
Proclaims their ancient gospel still.

THE EDITOR

Hail, then, apostle of our times!
More potent thou than speech or rhymes
To bid the best and wisest rise
And mould a nation's destinies.
Such blessings may thy pen confer,
Evangelistic editor.
Inspiring, earnest, bold and free,
Thou our Chrysostom shalt be.

SONG SIXTH

THE STENOGRAPHER

I.

Hook and eye and dot and dash,
Ribbon, furbelow and sash,
Smiling face and shining hair,
Arms to dimpled elbow bare,
In this faithful outline see
Her stenographic majesty,
Dainty, delicate and swift,
Generous Fortune's crowning gift
To the busy mind that bears
Burdens manifold, and cares.
Product of our modern life
With its new inventions rife,
With its hurry and its rush,
With its hustle and its push,
With its boundless enterprise,
And its mighty energies
Pulsing through a fervent age,
Stamping on the eager page,
Thoughts and pacts and plans and dreams,
That which is and that which seems.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

II.

'Mid the squalor and the glamor,
And the never ceasing clamor
Of our weird society,
Still her faithful fingers ply
Busy pencil, clicking key,
In untiring ministry.
Center of a lurid world,
Mixed and twisted, tossed and twirled
By contending hopes and fears,
Triumphs, failures, joys and cares,
High and low and small and great
On her nimble fingers wait.
Business, medicine and law,
Letters, art and science, draw
On her skill to seize and hold
Thoughts and fancies manifold;
Bargains, panaceas, pacts,
Pleas, inventions, systems, facts,
Spoken word recorded true,
Oration, sermon, interview,
On enduring pages live
Through her art preservative.

THE STENOGRAPHER

III.

Though a mere machine she seems,
Visions hath she yet, and dreams.
Oft her yearning heart doth miss
Husband's smile and baby's kiss,
All the joys and cares that come
In the train of love and home.
Hers the joy of service, hers
All that valued skill confers
Independence, self-respect,
Leisure to pursue unchecked
Culture, fad, accomplishment,
Plenty, dignity, content.
Freedom from domestic care;
Still she yearns for one to share
All she has and is and feels,
Still her woman's heart reveals
All her boasted freedom cost,
All her fruitless years have lost
Missing life's supremest good—
The ecstasy of motherhood.
Sad her weary soul hath grown
Wandering through the world alone.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

IV.

Swift the day-dreams come and go,
Swift the endless copies flow
White and accurate and clean
From the dexterous machine.
Oft this faithful minister
Wonders what we think of her;
What she thinks of us, I ween,
Could with certainty be seen,
If perchance our curious eye
Peeped within her diary.
Such a volume I possess
Charming in its artlessness;
Little dreamt the writer we
Its unflattering page would see;
Opening it betrays no trust,
For the hand that wrote is dust.
Wholesome glimpses it affords
Of how she viewed creation's lords.
Of our weakness taking note
Things like these her highness wrote:

V.

"Boss has had another spell,
Says the Court may go to—well,

THE STENOGRAPHER

Need he tear about the place
Just because he lost a case,
Rant and scowl and fume and swear,
Growling like a sulky bear,
Call the Judge a stupid ass,
Say, 'this is a pretty pass!
Such another Judge as he
Would make an end of liberty!'
Now he's dictating a speech,
My, how sweetly he does preach,
Says the learned bench and bar
Pillars of the nation are,
Dubs each judge, exalted high,
Paragon of purity,
Says that he and such as he
Of virtue must examples be,
Praises high the golden rule,
(Stops to call his clerk a fool)
I can't make out upon my soul,
The meaning of his rigmarole.

VI.

"Boss has nearly thrown a fit,
My, but someone's in for it.
The lofty speech he made last night
'Twas my high privilege to indite.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Soaring high, he grandly said:
‘We toil not simply for our bread;
Highest law, all laws above,
Sacrifice, the law of love.’
The luckless printer made him say,
(The editor was sure away)
‘Highest paw, all paws above,
Sacrifice the paw of love.’
To give his speech a cultured touch
From Shakespeare’s works he quoted much,
Spoke of youth’s glory, manhood’s noon.
The lean and slippered pantaloons.
The paper spoiled it: with a groan,
He read ‘the slobbered pantaloons.’
Thank goodness that these changes slight
Are not my fault; my copy’s right.”

VII.

“All day, throughout our business stress
He raved about the ‘pampered press,’
Called it ‘degenerate,’ and drew
A picture of ‘the hircling crew
Who write the humbug up to fame
And smear with ink an honest name.’
An editor or two I know;
The young reporters are not slow,

THE STENOGRAPHER

But bright, and gladly take the hint
When I would see my name in print.
By accident, and not from spite
They failed to get his old speech right,
And often when he makes mistakes
In English, they correct his 'breaks.'
He called the editor a bull-head,
Avowed his reputation sullied
By malice of the fresh reporters,
Of truth professional distorters.”

VIII.

“Boss took me to the halls of state
Wherein the lobby legislate,
And showed me how the statesmen do
Just what the lobby tells them to.
I went with him to a committee,
Took down his speech of wondrous pity
For sufferers from tuberculosis,
For which he claimed the proper dose is
Sunshine abundant and fresh air.
God-given freely everywhere.
I found there chiefly orators,
Cigars and feet and cuspidors,
Feet resting on the table polished,
All dignity for ease abolished,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Men puffing sociable cigars
And spitting at the cuspidors,
And making such rank clouds of smoke
I thought at times I'd surely choke.
These things it seems the men of state
Require to hear and legislate.
The boss's speech and all the lot
I copied, it was mostly rot,
But all this twaddle, without stint,
The papers had agreed to print;
The boss will surely have a fit
Unless his picture goes with it.

IX.

"The head clerk thought he must propose ;
I couldn't bear his horrid nose,
So large and crooked, shapeless, speckled,
With pimples here and there, and freckled ;
Declined his offer thankfully
But said I would his sister be.
He spurned the offer, and got nasty,
Remarked I'd better not be hasty
In view of my advancing years,
And left me to my angry tears.
He's often been refused before
And sisters has, I know, galore.

THE STENOGRAPHER

Ah! well, I must the duty do
That to humanity I owe.
How could I reproduce that face
In mercy to the human race?
And yet it's sad to be alone.
The busy years have come and gone
And left their trace on cheek and brow,
There's silver in my hair, I vow!
If only a real man would come
I'd fire this job for love and home!"

X.

I close the diary and lay
Its scribbled record safe away.
Perchance, betimes, a happier pen
May bring its page to light again.
In times to come the critic sage
Shall ruthless call our hurrying age,
Whose steel-shod foot no difference owns
'Twixt women, men and cobblestones,
Exhausting every potent art
To swell the head and stunt the heart.
Lovingly we tend the flowers
Through all the glowing summer hours,
Well repaid for all our toil
'Neath chilling skies, in stubborn soil,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

When round the porch and in the home
Their beauty and their fragrance come.
But in our human garden fair
Rank weeds are growing everywhere;
We little reck what blight may reach
The modest bloom upon the peach.
And through the sun-lit summer hour
We leave the garden's fairest flower
Unwatered, unattended all
To live or die as chance befall.

XI.

O woman, in an age whose zeal
Burns but for things material,
What kindly hand thy growth shall tend,
What kindly sky its moisture lend,
Till thy rich fragrance fill the air,
Thou fairest of the garden fair!
Oh! for strong men to seize and hold
Fair nature's offerings manifold,
To grapple with the cares that throng
Life's steep and rugged way along,
Each caring for his precious brood
In pride and joy of fatherhood.
Not then should woman's life be sped
In dreary drudgery for bread,

THE STENOGRAPHER

Nor should the cradle be forgot,
Forbidden to her hapless lot,
The crooning mother's lullaby
Lost to our modern minstrelsy.
Come nobler age and happier, come
And consecrate the joys of home,
When men by manhood's impulse led
Shall build the home and win the bread,
And women dwell content to share
His burdens and his blessings there.
For that blest age we've waited long,
Oh! that our men again were strong!

SONG SEVENTH

THE LAWYER

I.

Shaven face and shining pate,
Heavy jowl and mien sedate,
Bulging stomach, pipe-stem shank,
Half philosopher, half crank,
Crammed with maxims wise and saws,
Digests, instances and laws,
In this sketch, though rude it be,
The discerning eye may see
Legal light of high degree.
Round this jurisconsult stand,
Clustered, many a motley band,
Mingling in one brotherhood
Every type of bad and good.
Shysters, tricksters, liars, cheats
Pimps, suborners, panders, beats
Orators and scholars, too,
Shining in the shabby crew,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Honor, truth and loyalty
Cheek by jowl with knavery,
Striker, corporation tool,
Pedant, wiseacre and fool,
Sinner, saint and publican,
Here and there a gentleman,
Grouped and bound together all
By the tie professional;
These, the grave and learned bar,
Great Astræa's minions are.

II.

Goddess of the righteous, thou
With level eyes and thoughtful brow,
From thy throne exalted high
Doing ever equity,
Poising nightly in the blue
Shining scale and balance true,
Testing with impartial ken
Deeds and characters of men,
Tell me, goddess, now, I pray,
Why from earth thou fledst away.
Leaving all thy chaste decrees
In such prentice hands as these,
Compassing the genesis
Of such a motley brood as this?

THE LAWYER

Listen, goddess, while I tell
What unmeasured woes befell
Since thy journeying afar
Regents made of bench and bar:

III.

Now in thy stead we have “the law,”
In Babel jargon glorying,
Pretending to respect and awe,
 A poisoned spring,
Where Malice dips his eager claw,
 And Fraud, her sting.
And who be these who gather there
Around this muddy fountain, they
With hungry eyes and scanty hair,
 Who day by day
Stir all its turbid depths of care
 For those who pay?
Not as of old the angel stirred
Bethesda’s healing pool to bring
Hope to the helpless sick who heard
 The rustling wing;
But, rather, for a fee conferred,
 Its mud to fling.
Professors of a science, these,
Developed down the ages far,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Interpreting the Law's decrees,
And called "the bar,"
Subtle in sophistries and pleas—
These lawyers are.
Here, too, the jury, potent arm
Of Justice, the befuddled twelve,
Gathered from the workshop, desk and farm,
Untaught, to delve
In mysteries of right and wrong
That to the Jurist trained belong;
How shall the axe hew straight and strong
With crooked helve?

IV.

Once, in a volume quaint and old,
While here and there its pages turning,
I came to where the author told
In frankest phrase his views concerning
The law and lawyers, and decried
The bar, and railed and cavilled at it,
Declared through all the countryside
No row but lawyer's tongue begat it;
Then waxing warmer with excitement
He thus preferred his fierce indictment:
"Source of all our woes and tears,
Setting neighbors by the ears,

THE LAWYER

Tumult, strife and war fomenting,
Order, peace, content preventing,
Lo! the lawyers, waxing great,
Wreck the home, divide the state,
While supine society,
Groaning pays the heavy fee!
Speak, memory, from the fadeless years,
From deathful fields of blood and glory,
Tell who begot the woes and fears,
The battles gory!
The wrack and carnage, griefs and tears,
That fill the story!

V.

“Some treaty, protocol, decree,
Or constitution’s phrase, may be,
Is brought in question, on each side
The hungry legal ranks divide,
The lawyers quarrel; lo! the race
Falls into faction, near and far,
With seething heart and demon face
 Men rush to war,
While looking on from safest place
 Chuckles ‘the bar.’
The Bar, thou ancient humbug! how
From thy fierce clutch shall man be free,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

From trick and wile and cunning show
 Of Equity?
Befuddling, with thy jargon, laws
Designed to aid the righteous cause,
For fees forever finding flaws
 Where none should be,
Opposing precedents and saws
 To just decree!
How long shall man endure thy tricks,
In statecraft, statute, politics,
And swallow all thy deft hands mix
 And call it ‘Law,’
And bow before thy phrase prolix
 In humble awe?”

VI.

Thus the curious pages ran
Rampant on the “rights of man,”
Tracing all our burdens sore
To the wicked Lawyer’s door,
Mingling in distempered view
Recklessly the false and true.
How one rascal’s tainted name
Brings his honored guild to shame,
Staining with his turpitude
Fair renown of just and good.

THE LAWYER

Thus, the embattled lawyers stand
Glorious, but a mud-stained band.
Creditors of all the race
For the great things brought to pass
By their toil, for blessings wrought
By their strenuous battles fought
'Gainst oppression's ruthless power,
Faithful in the darkest hour
Right and Liberty have known,
Boldly at the tyrant's throne.
Casting gauge of battle down,
From age to age, from height to height,
Bearing Freedom's banner bright;
Yet their name is scoffed and jeered.
Hated, doubted, scorned and feared,
For the web of evil spun,
And the wrong and outrage done,
By the Ishmaels who claim
Title to the Lawyer's name.

VII.

From the flames had Sodom been
Saved, if but a righteous ten,
Strong in rectitude, had stood
To redeem the neighborhood.
Thousands upon thousands stand
To redeem the legal band

SONGS OF THE TIMES

From aspersions foul that mar
The escutcheon of “the bar.”
Through the web of human story,
Through the ages’ shame and glory,
Hidden now, now brightly shining,
With its fibre intertwining
Human hopes and aspirations,
Loftiest aims of men and nations,
Runs the Law, in strands of light,
Down the pattern infinite.

VIII.

Rising ever and again
To redress the wrongs of men,
Through the wonder weaving years
With their gifts of hopes and fears,
Comes the jurist, bold and free,
Apostle-guide to liberty.
Humbler service, too, is his
'Mid the world's perplexities.
Man of many functions, how
Could we do without thee, now?
Every problem of the age
Doth thy teeming brain engage.
Business method and resource,
Compacts, marriages, divorce,

THE LAWYER

Corporations, bills and pleas,
Rights of ships upon the seas,
Railroads, trolleys, steamboats, all
On thy boundless wisdom call,
Ruler, Statesman, Law-maker,
To thy learned word defer.
Statutes thou must read aright
Keeping old and new in sight,
Bearing up the righteous cause
Through the flood of bungled laws.

IX.

Near to all of us thou art
In our private life apart;
Testament, bequest, estate
On thy faithful counsel wait.
Frankly we confide to thee
Where the rotten branches be
In the boasted family tree,
Frankly seek thy aid to hide
Where it safely may abide
The hideous family skeleton,
Prone to show its grinning face
At some awkward time or place.
Much we owe thy skill to keep
From common gaze our poor black sheep,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Our little circle's erring one,
By some perverse mischance undone,
And, luckless, fashioned to express
The faults and follies of a race.
These, and many things beside,
Sacred, in thy hands abide;
Strong and true those hands must be,
Greatly we confide in thee.

X.

Clever jurist, honest man
Skilled and cosmopolitan,
Much the lowly and the high
Owe thy faithful ministry,
Serving now the thankless State,
Lavishing thy talents great
On the weighty problems vast
Which thy skill must solve at last,
Now with heart and mind intent
On some doubtful testament,
Counseling, restraining, leading,
Laws interpreting, and pleading,
Battling for the right always,
Passing thus the busy days.
This increasing load of care
Must thy ample shoulders bear—

THE LAWYER

This and more: around thee stand
Clustered all the legal band,
Every shade of bad and good,
Rascality and Rectitude,
Gathered in one brotherhood,
Skill and honor here and there,
Shames and scandals everywhere,
Here a genius, there a chump,
Thou must leaven all the lump,
Up to thy high standards draw
All the practice of the Law,
Teaching all the motley crew
By precept and example, too.

XI.

Man of many burdens, thou
With mien sedate and thoughtful brow,
Prone at times to fads and whims,
Yet no crocheted ever dims
Judgment sound and purpose true
To the real end in view
Or thy varied clientele.
Shrines and fanes to Equity,
Building new, yet holding fast
To the maxims of the past,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

May thy faithful labors be
Blessed to all humanity!
May thy fruitful work redress
Wrongs, and make for righteousness,
Whether for the public weal
Or thy varied clientele.
Fame shall never chaplet weave
For the work thy hands achieve,
Nor the laurel wreath bestow
On thy worn and thoughtful brow;
Lacking thanks, and soon forgot
All thy tireless skill has wrought:
Laws and constitutions framed,
Rights and liberties proclaimed,
Peoples led and states renewed
By thy wise solicitude,
Guided on from height to height
Into liberty and light,
These, thy works, shall speak for thee
Though thy name forgotten be.
Clear of vision, stout of heart,
Salt of all the earth thou art;
States and Times to come shall be
Savored of thy quality.
Such the faithful service done
By Astræa's loyal son;
Such as he redeem the fame
Of the bar's bedraggled name.

SONG EIGHTH

MY STAR

I.

Behind the west the shrouded sun is grieving,
The shadows darken round the listening trees,
And night, the enchantress, over all is weaving
The magic of her sounds and silences.

II.

O night, to thee shall yearning mortals render
The homage of enraptured souls and pay
Their grateful tribute to the moonbeam's splendor,
The whispering zephyr and the starry ray.

III.

Gone is the Day, the clamor and the striving
And cares that vex the patient soul no more;
While nature hymns new harmonies of living
From murmuring sands and the resounding shore.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

IV.

Far o'er the lea the beauty breathing flowers
Their many scented fragrances distil,
Far in the deeps, through all the dreamy hours,
The starry wanderers sink behind the hill.

V.

And Earth and Air and Sky and Sea combining
The ecstasy of being to express,
Illumine all the path we tread, repining,
With tender glory of their loveliness.

VI.

Far through the night, in many a cluster gleaming,
The star-worlds fling their radiance divine,
On snows and flowers and jaded mortals beaming—
Celestial guides—and one of them is mine.

VII.

Out of the East the wisdom seeking sages,
Led by a star, are to the manger come;
And I, vain wanderer through these later ages,
My star must follow to arrive at home.

MY STAR

VIII.

Long have I sought it 'mid the sons of morning,
Long scanned the zenith of the midnight skies;
Lo! in the western deeps, the night adorning,
I find it shining, bright with destinies.

IX.

Not o'er the mountain-heights of high endeavor,
Nor yet above the palaces of Pride,
Nor at the gates of Pleasure, pauses ever
My pilot star, my monitor and guide.

X.

Deep in the noisesome valley, voices crying
With babel clamors all the spaces fill;
The air around is heavy with their sighing.
Above its gloomy depths my star stands still.

XI.

Here must I seek the keys of Knowledge, striving
Through lowly service blessings to command;
To way-worn brothers on Life's pathway giving
The kindly counsel and the helping hand.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

XII.

Not in the Court of Kings my lofty mission,
Nor in the martial host to glory led,
But in the depths where want appalls the vision,
And struggling brothers drudge for daily bread.

XIII.

Here let me toil, in sacrifice, disdaining
Ambition's vaunt and Pleasure's siren song;
Here let me strive, with valiant heart maintaining
The battle of the weak against the strong.

XIV.

Through murk and mist I hear the bugles blowing.
I see the tossing banners lifted high,
And through the dark my faithful star is throwing
Its ray of hope, its pledge of victory.

XV.

Not always Wrong shall win, nor yet forever
Oppression hold a conquered world in thrall;
Prevailing Truth the grievous bonds shall sever
And Right shall reign triumphant over all.

MY STAR

XVI.

For this I spend my puny strength, though smitten
With grievous wounds and honorable scars,
Fulfilling all my destiny deep written
In mystic hieroglyphics of the stars.

XVII.

For this I came, from out the boundless spaces,
To mingle in Life's phantasy, and play
My little part amid the mighty phases
Of Time and Sense, and world birth and decay.

XVIII.

Here have I built mine altar, here, appealing
To Faith and Hope, my shrine and temple rise;
In righteous thought and kindly deed revealing
The beauty and the joy of sacrifice.

XIX.

Soon homeward shall I wend my way, returning
To whence I came, my pilot star, above,
In brighter splendor o'er my pathway burning,
Whose ray is rapture and whose name is *Love*.

SONG NINTH

A SONG OF LIFE

I.

Deep broods the night upon the dismal way
My weary feet are treading and have trod;
Before, behind, through deepening darkness, stray
My chance companions on the fearful road.
Fain would I greet them with some word of cheer,
Fain listen, breathless, for some glad reply;
Their babblings vain and strange alone I hear,
My broken voice can utter but a cry.

II.

Babel of tongues and loud confusion dire
Fill with rude clamor all the echoing air,
And lightnings thrust their venom'd darts of fire
Through glooms of fear and storm-wrack of despair.
Whence came I here, by what unknown decree
Condemned to wander through the starless night,
Where thick around my fellow phantoms be
That vex the skies with groanings for the light.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

III.

Slow lapsings of the heavy laden hours,
And slow corrodings of Decay and Care.
And slower pulsings of my wasting powers,
And heavier growing burdens, hard to bear,
These mark the stages of my pilgrimage
Along Life's bleak and rugged mountain side;
How shall I cross where foaming torrents rage,
Or scale the icy cliff without a guide?

IV.

Answer, O night, whose billowing darkness hides
The end and the beginning, answer, thou
Within whose vast, unfathomed shade abides
The fate of all things earth-born, speak and show
The past and future, whence I came, and why
This groping through the darkness to and fro,
This cruel doom of living but to die,
This questioning, this yearning but to know.

V.

Ah! memories of the fresh and fragrant morn,
And dews that glistened on the opening flower,

A SONG OF LIFE

And nights in whose still deeps the stars were born,
And days whose sunshine sped the joyous hour;
High noons when manhood's pulse beat fierce and
strong,
And throbbed its challenges to fate, and grew
In conscious strength the mystic way along,
Where Life flung forth its teeming wonders new!

VI.

What have I gained for all this countless loss
Of Youth's bright visions and of Manhood's might,
What but these mists of doubt my way across,
These dismal exhalations of the night,
Before whose chilling breath fair Faith hath fled,
And loves and joys and dreams of bliss depart,
And ghosts of hopes that 'neath the years lie dead
Like mournful phantoms all around upstart!

VII.

And faint and far away the voices call
From the dim vista of the bygone days,
Whose tones on eager ears were wont to fall.
Now all unmindful of their blame or praise
What boots this gift of knowledge which denies
All else but what we see and hear and feel,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

This earth-born longing for the thing that lies
In the small world that time and sense reveal!

VIII.

How vain the hope with these poor, puny hands
To mould decrees and fashion destinies,
With human art to loose Orion's bands,
Or weave the tangle of the Pleiades!
Beyond this realm of sense and time, and far
 Beyond the round horizon's utmost rim,
Where never ray of sun or sheen of star
 Hath shimmered through the spaces vast and dim,

IX.

Lies that substantial world of which we deem
 Our own is but the shadow, there alone
Dwells that Eternal Energy whose beam,
 Through the wide universe of Nature thrown,
Shapes flower and tree and star, and Life's fantastic
 dream.
Here, cumbered with this prison garb of clay,
My broken spirit falters and repines,
 A pilgrim wanderer o'er an unknown way
It builds of hopes and fears its tottering fanes and
 shrines.

A SONG OF LIFE

X.

Yet in the Soul's vast solitude there dwells
Some solace for its loneliness, a fire
Whose deathless flame the gloom around dispels
And cheers the fainting heart with new desire—
That yearning for a larger life, unbound
By the rude fetters of the things we see,
In whose inspiring ecstasy is found
The spirit's hope, its pledge of immortality.

XI.

And gifts, at times that holy yearning bears
Of dreams and visions of a life to be,
A life bereft of sordid pains and cares
Wherein the expanding soul shall know its destiny—
A life untrammeled by the cruel thrall
Of Time and Sense and pestilent Decay,
Where fadeless Morning's incense breathes through all
The sunlit reaches of the deathless day.

XII.

Then voices speak whose mystic words are heard
By the rapt spirit, tones whose accents cool
Life's fevered pulse, as when the angel stirred
The healing waters of Bethesda's pool.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

In such an hour Earth's teeming mystery
Enshrouds me with its wonders, nature gives
Her touch of magic to the fragrant lea,
And o'er the enchanted scene her web of beauty
weaves.

XIII.

In such an hour, by wayward longings led,
My eager soul would wander, far and free,
Through visions of the universe outspread
In ever changing worlds of fantasy.
And one such vision would I here recall
While yet the spell is on me, ere the day
With rude, insistent clamor comes, and all
The shapes of Dreamland melt and pass away.

XIV.

Perchance herein the heavy laden heart
Some comfort for its loneliness may find,
Some tender flowers of Faith and Hope upstart
With gifts of healing for the tortured mind.
Here waiting till the clouds of incense lift
Their veil from altars where the Holiest dwells,
I mingle with the worshipers and drift
From shrine to shrine where prayer its human yearning tells.

A SONG OF LIFE

XV.

Full well of old, when facing martyrdom,
Spake the Greek Sage with his expiring breath:
“To any good man never harm can come,
Either in this brief life or after death.”
Believing this I wander forth again
Among my fellows, mingling with the throng
That crowds the weird, mysterious path of men,
Bearing my gift of cheer to weak and strong,
And haply some there be will listen to my song:

XVI.

That song shall tell the thoughts that visit me
In restful shadows of the dying day,
When harmonies of earth and sky and sea
My sorrows soothe and charm my fears away;
And sweet and low the vesper voices chide
My wanton spirit’s doubting and despair,
And throbbing through the hush of eventide,
With benedictions thrill the listening air:

O spirit, prisoned for a while in clay,
To thee these voices speak, give heed to what they say:

SONGS OF THE TIMES

The Vesper Voices.

An ancient church its sturdy belfry rears,
Rocked by the storms of nigh three hundred years.
Before its pillared porch and paneled doors
A busy city's thronging commerce pours.
Behind, the church-yard's crumbling headstones greet
The curious wanderer from the crowded street.
The tangled grass the fitful breezes stir
On shapeless mound and mouldering sepulchre.
Here sleep the dead, whose time-worn marbles show
Their names and lineage in the long ago.
The high and low, the rich and poor, the great,
The humble, and the favorite of Fate,
The true and false, the selfish and the just,
Lie here commingling in a common dust.
Straying, one day, by vagrant impulse led
Within these precincts, sacred to the dead,
I marked a spot, by mosses overgrown,
And knelt to read the inscription on the stone.
Two centuries and more had not effaced
The tribute hands, now dust themselves, had traced,
In memory of the long-forgotten dead;
The name, the age, and then this verse I read:
"Nature he loved, and every wind that blew
Its message brought and stirred his heart anew."

A SONG OF LIFE

In winter's snow and summer's fragrant air
He saw alike the faithful Father's care,
And bird and brook and star and flower and sea
Unto his listening soul made melody.
Hence shall he rise and pass to life from death,
With Love his guide and Faith his shibboleth."

Ah, loyal heart that loved and wrought
Through storm and stress of vanished years,
And strong in faith some glimpses caught
Of glory through the mists of tears;
O willing soul, that bravely trod
Life's weird and doubt-beclouded path,
And, hope-uplifted, spurned the sod,
Rejoicing in the aftermath!
Full many a spring hath bloomed and flown,
Since in the flesh he walked with men;
A thousand moons have dimmed and shone,
And yet, he cometh not again.
The snows and dews awake him not,
Nor roar of Traffic's busy ways;
And joy and care and grief forgot,
He sleepeth through the nights and days.
We, who a little longer stray
Amid the soul-encircling gloom,
Still fearful, tread the beaten way
That led to this neglected tomb.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

What boots the wisdom of the wise,
The boast of science and of art?
We sound the seas and pierce the skies,
And feed with husks the hungry heart;
We rear our pantheons and fill
The treasure-house with golden store,
We reap the harvest vast, and still
Our eager hands would compass more.
Yet far and wide our temples rise,
We build the altar and the shrine;
Though Hope prepare the sacrifice,
Our faltering Faith demands a sign.
O hunger of the heart, whose pang
Through all the story of the years,
Since first the stars together sang,
Hath pierc'd the soul with doubts and fears.
Not wisdom's pride, nor learning's lore,
Nor wealth's proud palace builded high,
Nor treasure-houses running o'er
Shall e'er that yearning satisfy!
O Age, whose Pride and Greed forget
The boundaries of Right and Wrong,
The living Harp shall rouse thee yet
To listen to the minstrel's song!
Too long our eager feet have strayed
Where commerce rules the crowded mart;

A SONG OF LIFE

Too long the lust of gold betrayed
The nobler yearnings of the heart.
O for the pipes, whose notes of old
Enchanted all the listening air,
Or harp that Israel's longings told
In rhapsodies of praise and prayer!

O for some minstrel touch to wake
The slighted heart's neglected strings
Some winged word the spell to break
When false the sordid siren sings!
Shall storied Art her glories spend
To gild the grossness of the times?
Or Poesy her numbers lend
To give a softer name to crimes?
Shall the neglected Harp deplore
The discord of her tarnished strings,
Or Love to gracious Beauty pour
Libations from polluted springs?
Still for our need the Morning's glow
And listening Evening's sunset bars,
And summer's bloom and winter's snow,
And nightly congress of the stars.
And still the heart repines, and sighs
Its diapason of despair;
Still from a thousand temples rise
The myriad voices of its prayer.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Still pants the soul of man to guess
The riddle each must solve alone;
From nothingness to nothingness—
He walks unknowing and unknown—
A shadow on the dial cast.
To vanish when the day is done,
A spectral shape that stalketh past
The circle of the setting sun.
Be these thy themes, reviving Art,
And these, awakening bard, be thine;
Our grossness, greedy of the mart,
Let Beauty purge and Song refine.
Ah, pilgrim of that earlier day,
Whose headstone bears the graven line,
Would that my doubting heart could say
Thy faith and hope in truth were mine!
And yet for me the breezes blow,
The seasons bring the snows and flowers;
Like thee, I walk the earth and go
To sleep beneath the stars and showers.
While by thy grave I linger near,
Still musing on the by-gone days,
Within the church I seem to hear
The voice of prayer and psalm of praise.
Methinks with thee I wander far
In the quiet of the eventide,

A SONG OF LIFE

And greet with thee the rising star,
 And hear thy footfalls at my side.
I feel great Nature's touch, and lo!
 My doubtings and my fears depart;
My quickening pulses catch the glow
 And fervor of her mighty heart.
There standing, in the thoughtful hour,
 When night and day each other greet,
I question of the star and flower
 And sod that teems beneath my feet;
Sweet messages of hope they bear,
 Sweet solace to my grief and fear,
Their voices fill the brooding air
 With whisperings of faith and cheer.
So here, with faltering hand, I write
 These fragments of a fitful lay,
That other wanderers through the night
 May learn what Nature's voices say:

The far-off murmur of the seas,
The stillness of the listening trees,
Empurpled evening's twilight bars.
The first faint shimmering of the stars,
The hush that marks the dying day
As shape and shadow melt away,
Commingling in the gathering gloom,
Proclaim that Night and Rest have come.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

What voice, o'er hill and dale repining,
Bemoans the Day
Whose latest ray
Behind the west is faintly shining,
And sighs, o'er vale and mountain far
Its challenge to the evening star?
It is the wind of night;
O'er farthest height,
Through deepest glen,
It wanders from the haunts of men,
Seeking the hidden Day.
Away, away,
It roameth through the deeps of night
Yearning for light.
O'er thousand cities of the dead
It moans, seeking the life that's fled,
Asking of mouldering heap and crumbling
stone
“Where have they gone,
Where do they wait,
Who erstwhile wove their thread of fate
Through warp and woof of human story,
Tinging its web with shame or glory,
Feeding Time's wonder-weaving loom
With strands of light or threads of gloom—
With love whose glorious pattern glows
In colors of the sunset bars,

A SONG OF LIFE

Serene and fadeless as the stars,
And pure as winter's drifting snows,
Or yet with Hate, whose touch of blight
Marks with its stain the shuttle's flight?
Say, where are those whose flying feet
Life's flower-strewn pathway danced along.
Rejoiced the fragrant hours to meet
With gladsome laughter and with song?
The happy ones of yesterday,
Pulsing with Love and Passion's fire,
Glowing with Youth's supreme desire,
Answer, ye dismal mounds, and say
In all their beauty, where are they?
And those who wrought in field and dell,
And hewed upon the mountain-side,
And dared the ocean's heaving tide,
And delved earth's treasures forth to bring,
And made the echoing anvil ring
The cunning of their art to tell?
And those the grimy factory knew
From blush of morn till evening's shade,
Whose stolid faces paler grew
In haunts where sunbeam never strayed?
And those of happier lot who wrought
In crowded mart, and those, again,
The Senate and the forum taught
To wield dominion over men—

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Answer, ye dismal mounds, and say,
Where are these toilers hid away?
Silent the mounds of drifted clay,
Silent the cold and crumbling stone;
Silent the cypress branches sway
And listen to the night-wind's moan;
Silent the night-cloud, hanging low
Upon the far horizon's brim—
Behind, the star-beams faintly glow
Along its vast and shadowy rim.
Slowly before the starry ray
The dismal vapor melts away,
And then, across the wide earth far,
The shimmering splendors of a star;
With joy its pregnant beams distil
The darkness on the solemn hill;
They glitter on the dewy leas,
And quiver through the cypress trees;
Each mound they touch with soft caress,
And gleam on every mournful stone
Whose graven tribute would make known
The wealth of human tenderness,
And down the night-wind riding far
They bear this message from the star:
“Stay, stay, thou wandering wind,” it says,
“and listen,
And bear o'er forest, vale and field and height,

A SONG OF LIFE

Where'er the dews fall or the star-beams glisten,
The weird and solemn voices of the night.
Wherever o'er the wide earth Pain and Sorrow
And Pestilence and Want and Fear hold sway;
Wherever yearning heart and faint would bor-
row
Some ray of hope to cheer its lonely way.
Wherever pilgrims o'er life's pathway faring
Some key to its vast mystery would find,
The strong and weak, the hoping and despairing.
Bear thou these voices, swift and kindly wind.
O bear them where the earnest heart is straying
Through labyrinths of unbelief and gloom,
Wherever doubt is rife and faith decaying,
Or hope is lost, or earth contains a tomb."
The night wind listens: Hope and Faith upris-
ing,
Their shining forms aside the shadows fling;
With gentle voice, the silence surprising,
They speak, and these the messages they
bring.

(FIRST VOICE.)

(WHAT HOPE SAITH TO THE DISCONSOLATE HEART:)

Disconsolate and lone I look
Upon the twilight's purple rim,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

I hear the gurgle of the brook,
I see the mountain's outline dim.
Deepens the shadow on the hill;
Deeper the darkness in my breast—
The sorrows of the years, that fill
The measure of my soul's unrest.
O cheerless chambers of the heart,
When loves are dead and hopes expire!
No more shall Rapture's flame upstart,
Or Beauty kindle warm desire.
The bitter ashes gray and cold
On each deserted hearthstone lie,
Together, silent, bent and old.
We shiver there. Remorse and I.
The waste of all the fruitful years,
The gnarled trunk and naked bough,
Phantoms of hopes and ghosts of fears,
Ah, these alone are left me now!
The blush of morn, the noontide glow
Of conscious manhood's faith and might
Have dimmed and fled away, and slow
The shadows deepen into night.
O sad and bitter hour of age.
O palsied hand and dimming look!
Fill out, my heart, the blotted page
Ere yet the angel close the book.

A SONG OF LIFE

Write there some little word of love,
Some gentle deed in kindness done,
Some heavenly impulse from above
 Some holy sacrifice begun.

I look around, above, below,
 On star and flower, on earth and sea—.
The far and star-lit spaces glow
 That what is mine may come to me.

The bright seas roll from shore to shore
 Their white-capped billows, far and free,
The glad earth yearns to spend her store
 That what is mine may come to me.

The dark red rose its censer swings
 Of perfume from its heart of fire,
And far around, in beauty, flings
 The fragrance of its deep desire.

The lily spreads its petals white
 And pure upon the eager air,
Unsullied by the touch of blight,
 Stainless as snow and chaste as prayer.

They strive, the star, the flower, the sea,
 That what is mine may come to me.

And what is mine? In years gone by
 I sat beside the moaning sea,
And watched, with wistful heart and eye,
 For treasure ships to come to me.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

I yearned for yellow heaps of gold,
For jewels rare and gems of fire,
And these, my vacant heart, I told
Would satisfy its fierce desire.
Though many a snowy sail I see
Upon the far horizon's rim,
The billows sweep them far from me
Across its misty circle dim.
Far on, far on, to other shores,
Each rushing, eager prow is set,
And soon behind its foaming course
The waters and the skies are met.
And on and on, across the light
The spreading sails are swiftly prest,
To some fair port beyond the night,
Some happy island of the blest.
Ah, not for me the bright seas lend
Their favoring breezes fair and free,
Nor Time, nor Tide, nor Fortune send
My treasure-laden argosy.
They are not mine, these golden stores
That men call riches—vain for me
To linger on the vacant shores
And scan the reaches of the sea.
Nor yet for me the dream of Power,
Nor Glory's idle boast nor Fame,

A SONG OF LIFE

Whose lustre gilds the transient hour
With fickle splendors of a name.
O glittering bauble, falsely bright,
How vain, how impotent to bless—
A meteor's flash across the night.

Whose goal and end is nothingness !
But mine the joy of service, mine
To labor on through storm and strife,
And build in hope and faith the shrine
And temple of a noble life.

And like the mystic ladder, bright
With angel forms, that one of old
Beheld far stretching through the night
Its shining length and steps of gold ;
And as the busy insect weaves

From its own vitals, firm and true,
The fabric of its home and leaves
The shining web upon the dew ;
So, toiling on, in sacrifice,
My deeds of love shall shine afar,

The ladder of my labors rise
From height to height, from star to star.
Ah, this is mine, in joy to spend
Each gift and talent freely given,
To serve, to succor, to befriend,

And build my ladder up to heaven.

SONGS OF THE TIMES

There angel forms shall come and go,
And angel helpers hover nigh,-
And angel voices whisper low
The counsels of their ministry.
Rejoice, then, star and flower and sea.
All that is mine shall come to me.

(SECOND VOICE.)

(FAITH COMFORTETH THE DOUBTING SOUL:)

Love knoweth all, the end from the beginning.
Love seeketh all the brightest and the best.
Love crowneth all: no triumphs worth the winning,
Save those whose wreaths are won at love's behest.
Love builds the world: for one high purpose spending
Its lavish treasures on the work begun;
There Truth and Right, in one vast glory blending,
. Shall dwell with Knowledge when the work is done.
Vain, vain the labor of my hands contriving
To build on earth some shrine and temple fair,
And vain this weird, wild fantasy of living
Unless the soul of all things, Love, be there.

A SONG OF LIFE

The wedding marches and the nuptial torches—
 Ah, what are these but mimicry and jest,
When Love lies dead and Life's fierce sunlight
 scorches
The dying flowers with which his grave is
 drest!
What boots it to the aching heart and yearning
 That Beauty smiles and strains of music fall,
When Fate withholds the master passion, burn-
 ing
 To crown with glory and to seal it all.
No more, no more the dying Autumn's splendor
 Shall paint the withered leaf.
No more, no more the broken chord shall render
 Its tone of joy or grief.
We love but once; one heart is all that Pleasure
 Hath given us in store;
We pour out fondly once the glowing treasure,
 And Life affords no more.
O Life, O Life, and is that little day
 The flying moments' span,
Whose sun and shadow melt in night away,
 The horoscope of man?
Behind him nothingness, and deep before
 Abysmal darkness when the day is done;
Nearing the brink at last, he plunges o'er,
 Bereft of all things, naked and alone,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

His earliest voice a cry, his last a groan.
Can this be all, O ye immortal yearnings,
For which we fight and toil
Through dust and shame and marvelous heart
burnings.
And fear and pain and broil?
If this be all, O kindly Night, o'ertake us
With starless shadows deep!
O Sense and Passion, nevermore awake us
From elemental sleep!
This is not all, O soul of mine, repining!
Self-exiled wanderer from the Father's home,
From the far-heaven the faithful home-lights
shining,
Gleam on my vagrant steps where'er I roam.
The quest of Knowledge, led me forth, un-
bidden,
Through realms of Sense and Time to wander
far,
To catch some glimpses of the purpose hidden
In rolling earth and solemn-beaming star.
Husks shall I eat, and bitter bread of sorrow,
Vain prodigal, far from my Father's face,
And on and on, tomorrow and tomorrow,
Through labyrinthine glooms my pathway trace,
Yet shall I gain my quest, and homeward turning

A SONG OF LIFE

Repentant steps, shall understand and see
How the great Father-Heart above me yearning
Hath wrought his signs and miracles for me.

For me the glad earth threads the pathless
spaces

And tireless sets the bounds of night and day,
And far Uranus, dim and distant, traces
Its orbit vast and sheds its twilight ray

For me, for me, heir of the vast hereafter,
The planets burn and star and system sweep,
Nor voice of prayer, nor human tears nor
laughter,

Shall stay the wanderers of the azure deep.

For they are there, sublimely wrought, to tell
me

How wisdom holds the universe in awe,

How Life and Death and all that e'er befell me
Are harmonies of one eternal law;

That law, O heart, that set thy pulses throb-
bing

Through the long vista of the lapsing years,

Whose dictates yet shall still thy fitful sobbing,
And close the chapter of thy hopes and fears;

That law whose faith is still serenely guiding
The mystic courses of the silent stars,

That calls the morning forth, on splendors
riding,

SONGS OF THE TIMES

And tints with beauty all the sunset bars.

That law is Love, that law is Life unending,
Through blight and change and envious decay,

Its path of Order still divinely wending
To blend its glories with the perfect day.

Arise and sing, O heart of mine, and boldly
The appointed paths of joy and sorrow tread,
Though dark the way, and dimly shine and
coldly

The distant skies that far above thee spread.

Thy goal is Day; thy treasure undecaying
The gift of life, whose blossoms full and fair

Shall yet rejoice to feel around them playing
The thrilling breath of a diviner air.

Disease and Sorrow, Death and Pain and
Sighing

Shall fail and vanish at the sun-lit ray,

And wisdom write, in characters undying.
The law of Life; to know is to obey.

Search then thyself, O heart, for in thy beat-
ing

The meaning of the universe lies hid.

Thy tireless pulses through the years re-
peating

The two-fold riddle of the quick and dead.

Thou wast not made for tree, and brook and
flower,

A SONG OF LIFE

For rolling heavens and earth-encircling sea,
Thou wast not made an hour-glass for the
hour,
But these—the world and Time—were made for
thee.
What human king of kings could match the
glory
That fills the skies where constellations meet?
What human art interpret half the story
That thrills the teeming earth beneath thy feet?
Rejoice, rejoice, through worlds on worlds be-
fore thee
Fair Knowledge throws her pathway open wide.
She calleth from the suns that cycle o'er thee.
She whispers in the murmur of the tide.
Forever, O forever, for thy teaching,
The bloom of Spring and Autumn's falling leaf.
And yearning earth, in time and season reach-
ing
The full fruition of the garnered sheaf,
Forever, O forever, for thy blessing
The sunbeam's glory and the raindrop's fall.
Fond Nature's homage thee supreme confess-
ing—
Then know thyself, and knowing compass all.
Deep dwells the night upon thy path, and
weary

SONGS OF THE TIMES

Thy homeward plodding, till the morning rise,
Till Truth, at last, dispels the darkness
dreary,
O child of God, O heir of Paradise!

The Voices cease; the shining Oracle
Wends slowly down its pathway through the
deeps;
And Night and Silence all the spaces fill,
The listening Stillness broods, and Nature
sleeps.

